

### DRAW POKER IN THE OIL REGIONS.

**The Noteworthy Struggle that Wound Up  
the Career of a Phenomenal Tame**

Ten-to was draw poker, and it had been suggested to a group of half a dozen New Yorkers in the Astor House rotunda by a newspaper paragraph which said that the little town of State Line was the greatest place for poker playing in all the old regions.

Well, that's saying a good deal," said a man in a top hat, "but I'll bet you can't find a better average place, if the old-fads poker sharga will stick to a pair of aces as faithfully as anybody else ever took cards."

"But I knew of an old town that," the summer of 1892 had about 15,000 inhabitants." At the same time, by and by November of that year, the coal industry was at its height, and it was near the sole industrial support of the whole country. It was the town of Gardfield, in Warren county. In the early part of the summer the district wild cat well in the Cherry Grove district blew the drill out of the hole and began pumping oil. The town of Gardfield, within a few weeks a railroad was running over level ground through the hemlock forest, a city of shanties and tents almost sprung up, and the drilling wells were so quick that the bull wheels almost rubbed against one another. It was estimated that there were more than ten thousand barrels of oil; there were theatres, dance houses, pool halls, saloons, and everything else that the heart of the old region were there, and the boom

[illegible]

From the Atlanta Constitution.

When Capt. La Rue of Sherman's army sailed into Blankville, at the head of a party of raiders, one fine summer morning, his first glimpse was of a young girl, looking out from above. Being a versatile young fellow of infinite resources, he immediately recognized the girl as the daughter of the famous "poker" who had been the cause of the trouble at that place where there was nothing in its little north Georgia mountain village. Of course, he was not at all surprised to find the public square, not more than a dozen years occupied. The majority of the inhabitants had been driven out of their homes by the war.

"You, Jinnie! You, Jinnie!" shouted an old woman who had her head poked out of her window.

Capt. La Rue languidly turned his head, and when a look of keen interest flashed from his eyes, he saw the girl looking at him.

And the young officer, after a critical survey of the slight figure swinging on the gate, remembered that he had never before seen her. He had seen her before, and in her anxiety to secure a livelihood, she had been looking at him. He was in a position which showed her the best advantage.

"You, Jinnie! You, Jinnie! You, Jinnie!" and a big bow as he rattled his sabre to attract Jinnie's attention.

The young girl was evidently not more than 16.

[illegible][illegible]

the donors' worth of her property in a first-class hotel. She was a member of the National Soldiers' Veterans, who advocated her cause, and had quite an array of friends and influential people on her side. Finally there was a startling exposé. It was shown that she was a modest housewife, and that she had been a member of the National Soldiers' Veterans during the war with a cavalry horse named La Rue.

At Washington after this exposure, but in a few years, she was back in the city, again in the same line of business, but this time as a gorgonzola, for gorgonzola-planting and her intimate supporters were sold out. Her business failed, and she was back in the lobbying business. More wars were sold to have dealings with the La Rue woman, and she was back in the same line of business, but in error again tends downward. A few years ago Mrs. La Rue married a rich old man who was a member of the National Soldiers' Veterans. Then the greedy, grasping audacity struck out birdily at the National Soldiers' Veterans, and in another blackmailing, Society was sold out.

A few days ago a Chicago city court threw

[illegible]